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The Wayside Well.

He stopped at the wayside well,
Where the water was cool and deep;
There were feathery ferns, 'twixt the mossy stones,
And gray was the old well-sweep.

He left his carriage alone;
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in the dusty road
To drink at the wayside well.

He swayed with his gloved hands
The well-sweep creaking and slow,
While from seam and scar in the bucket's side
The water plashed back below.

He lifted it to the curb,
And bent down to the bucket's brim;
No furrows of time or care had marked
The face that looked back at him.

He saw not a farmer's boy
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink,
And ruddy and tanned was the laughing face
That met his over the brink.

The eyes were sunny and clear,
And the brow undimmed by care,
While from under the brim of the old straw hat
Strayed curls of chestnut hair.

He turned away with a sigh,—
Nor could coachman or footman tell
Why the master stopped in his ride that day
To drink at the wayside well.

—*Walter Learned, in Good Company.*

A HAPPY ESCAPE.

A pert, pretty servant girl in a mob cap, and smart apron, with the most fetching pockets, in which both hands are thrust jauntily, one of them holding a letter.

The dusk of evening softens her florid beauty into sweetness, which quite subdues the heart of a young man in the garb of a carpenter. They are conversing beneath the shelter of a wall behind a very handsome mansion.

"In the hand which you have in your pocket, Sue, is a letter, as I live. Let me see it. You will not? Then I suppose it is to some fellow; but I, as your future husband, demand to see it."

"Demand, indeed!" answered the girl, saucily.

"Let me look at it, Sue."

"'Tis early times, I think, to be so masterful. If you talk like that now, what will you do when we are married, I wonder?"

"Will you let me see the letter, Sue?"

"No, I won't."

"Well, then good night. You'll be sorry for this, I expect."

And with a rough, but sincere affection, he snatched the girl to his arms, and in a second was gone.

"A jealous, silly fellow!" cried Sue, setting her dainty cap afresh and hurrying off to a busier road, where handsome shops glowed with light and light. She entered first one and then another, giving words at each with a merry smile and saucy words for all. The last she entered was that of a chemist and post-office combined. Here she asked for a stamp.

As she came out of the shop she felt for the letter to post, and lo! it was gone. She turned hot and cold by turns, then hurriedly retraced her steps, looking anxiously for the lost letter, but without success. Then she entered the house with a burning face and a heavy heart.

A few days later a lady entered one of the many rooms in the mansion—a room the proud, idle lady scarcely visited, for it was the schoolroom, where a troop of noisy, spoiled children daily made life a torture to the pale, sweet-faced girl, who now looked up at the lady's entrance, nervously.

The lady with the rustling robes pecked at the upturned faces of her offspring, then seated herself in the only easy chair in the room, saying, as she threw the *Times* on the table, with an exulting sneer:

"You see your noble lover, like the rest of his kind, has loved and rode away. I told you how it would be, long ago. A man in Sir Jasper Derring's position could not stoop so low as to marry a mere governess. I knew how his disgraceful attentions would end, and warned you against him; yet you would continue to make such an exhibition of yourself.

"You see your devoted slave has broken his fetters and flown off to the East—has, in fact, accepted an important post under the government. I think this ought to be a lesson to you not to allow your vanity to run away with your discretion."

The young girl had taken up the paper and read the notice referred to with dry, agonized eyes.

It was as though she read her death warrant, for the man it had referred to had for months past, to the chagrin of the lady of the house, paid the poor, despised governess all the attentions of a lover. He was many years her senior—in fact, had been her dead father's friend in their prosperous days, when no idea of her present dependent position had come to mar his content.

The little hands that held the paper shook as with an ague, but with gentle dignity she raised her head to a just level, saying, as she pointed to the nursemaid, Susie, who stood by, busily dusting the furniture:

"I think, madam, it would have been kinder to have reproached me when we were alone. It is not often that I ask you to remember the bond of blood between us, but in so delicate a matter as this I should imagine that even a stranger would merit consideration at your hands."

"Indeed, Miss Prengill, since how long have I appointed you my mentor? I trust time may bring you a more humble spirit, or you will find few employers patient with you."

With this parting shaft, the lady left her to resume her uninterrupted duties. When she had gone the poor girl paused one weary moment from her work to struggle to conceal her emotion, but it was of no avail, and, with an excuse to the astonished children, she hastened to her own room to fight out the hard fight alone, unseen and unmarked save by One who heals all wounds.

Maggie Prengill was not one to lie down despairing beneath a burden; she had a heart for any fate, and soon went about serene and sweet as usual, but the peach-like blossom died from her gentle face, and the soft, golden-brown eyes, whose long brown lashes seemed tipped with sunlight, had a sad, pained look, the sensitive mouth, too, showed signs of sorrow, melancholy to see in one so young.

Thus weary months rolled on in the house hold, of whom one was about to depart, pretty Susie. The girl was greatly attached to Maggie, who had once nursed her through a severe illness. Happy Sue was to be married to the young carpenter, who detained her while we opened our story. He was employed on one of the railways, and had since that night been away on important and profitable work.

Maggie, woman-like, took great interest in a wedding, and it was to her Susie came for advice in many matters of millinery and such like. She received many useful presents from the governess, who really liked the girl, and grieved to lose even that one humble friend out of that unfriendly household, where she felt so utterly alone.

A few nights before Susie was to leave, she sat with her sweetheart alone in the pleasant kitchen, talking much happy nonsense with her lover, when suddenly she thought of the last time that she saw him before he left London, and remembering his groundless jealousy, rated him soundly for his absurdity in her sauciest manner, rightly believing that

"Little quarrels often prove
To be new recruits of love."

Then when she had scolded him into a most humble spirit, she, woman-like, veered round, declaring she liked him the better for showing so much spirit. Among other things she said:

"Do you know, Joe, through chaffing with you, I lost the letter; it was one that Miss Prengill gave me to post for her. I hope it was not anything important, for I never found courage to confess to her my carelessness."

Joe looked grave, saying:

"That was not right, lass; that was not like my own brave girl; yet do you know, dear, that I am not to blame for that, for I picked your pocket of the letter, thinking it was for some other sweetheart of yours, and then the gaffer met me, and I was hurried off to my new job, and I expect I threw the letter aside in the pocket of my dirty coat, and so forgot all about it from that time to this; but you must help me to rectify the fault, love, by going at once to the young lady and telling her truly all the circumstances, while I go home and try to find the letter."

Susie did not like the office, but she allowed her love's stern sense of honor to compel her to do his will.

When she had told Maggie and implored her forgiveness, she was frightened at her work, for, after a severe fainting fit, Maggie talked so wildly about the injury they had done her, that Susie ran to Joe for counsel, telling him, from what she could glean from Maggie's wild talk, the letter was to Sir Jasper Dering, accepting with love and gratitude his proposal for her hand. He, on hearing this, turned the letter over and over in his hands deliberating long in his mind how to restore to the lonely girl the happiness of which they had deprived her.

At last, with a bright look, he said: "If this swell is half the man he ought to be to deserve Miss Prengill, he'll say 'better late than never' to her love, so, I say, let us post this now."

"'Tis no good," cried Susie; "he is at the Cape of Good Hope; I heard one of the young ladies say so."

"Well, then," said he, "I say, still post it, but first put on the cover 'to be forwarded.' You may depend on it that such an important person's letters are not likely to miscarry."

Susie clapped both her plump hands, then hugging Joe with relief, said, joyfully:

"Of course, the very thing; you, dear, clever fellow to think of it. Run and post it at once before Miss Prengill asks for it, or perhaps her pride will step in between them; now I don't care if she does say it's a liberty so long as I see her happy, God bless her."

Off Joe ran and returned quickly, telling Susie the letter was beyond their control.

She carried the news to poor, sorrowful Maggie, who sat in her lonely, cheerless room crying like to break her heart. At first Maggie stormed at the girl for daring to take such a matter into her own hands; then seeing how meekly Susie looked, she relented of her anger, and hoped all was for the best. Indeed, afterward, she could not help feeling comforted by the thought that there was yet a chance for so bright a future, and she smiled her sweetest on Joe when she met him a few days later.

Life was becoming almost unbearable in her present position; her employers getting more exacting and unreasonable every day, and never ceasing to sneer at her as the "blighted being."

Poor little Maggie! Only those alone and so utterly friendless can picture the hardness of her life.

But all was to be altered soon, for a grave-faced man of middle age paused in his brilliant career to regret his sweet lost love, who had, he thought, rightly reproved his presumption in asking her to blend her young life with that of a world-worn, weary man. He looked back on the brief happiness of their dear friendship, and thought that he had been mad to risk the loss of it by seeking greater joy.

Then came the long-delayed letter amid a batch of official documents—a letter which scattered his hard-earned peace to the winds. As soon as he could get away from his duties, he sped back to England, and the first night there determined to know his fate. He felt that he could not trust to a letter again, so, looking very noble and distinguished, he hurried off to that handsome house in the suburbs which made his little dove's prisonhouse.

Arrived there, he cursed his luck at finding the place one blaze of light and music—the people were giving a ball. Sending in his card, he was received with great *empressement* by his hostess, who, glad of such an addition to her guests, hurried him into the ball-room, where he was pounced upon by a score of friends, and compelled, while his heart hungered for news of his darling, to lead his handsome hostess through a dance, during which, being *distrait*, he had the misfortune to trample upon and tear her train; she then playfully ordered him to lead her to the cloak-room, where an attendant waited to repair the damage.

Anxious to get away from the ball-room, he readily complied, and led her into the dimly-lighted cloak room.

Just as they were on the threshold she said, gaily tapping him with her fan:

"You will meet an old friend. Now, for pity's sake, don't again turn her silly head by a renewal of last year's flirtation. Of course she was very properly repaid for her presumption, as I have often told her, and you did no more than any other man would have done had a girl so thrown herself at his head. Not a word. All I say is, keep her in her place."

Sir Jasper was silent, and the poor girl behind the heavy curtains prayed for any means of escape, for she thought her dream was ended. Another moment, and her imperious employer desired her to kneel down and remedy the torn finery.

Maggie felt that for her life's sake she could not obey the order so proudly given before the man she loved, so stood erect and silent till the command was repeated more sharply. Then a stern voice answered for her, saying:

"Pardon me, madam, I believe our long friendship warrants the request that you will relieve this young lady from her duties at once, so that she may immediately take up her rightful position as my future wife."

The lady was too astonished to speak, she could but look her rage as she heard one of the best *partis* of the season say humbly to Maggie:

"I received your letter at last, my love. I do not know what caused the delay, but you see I came to answer it at once, eager to claim my darling as my wife. Sweet, will it not be a happy escape from servitude?"

Utilization of Blood, Bones, Etc.

In New York abbatoirs very little of a slaughtered animal is allowed to go to waste. The hoofs are sold for glue stock, and bring about 40 cents a set. Pates, for the same purpose, bring 1 cent to 1½ cents per pound. The tallow is generally rendered at the abbatoirs and brings from 6¼ to 6½ cents per pound. What is called "hot fat," that is, fat taken from the breast and kidneys of the animal while it is yet warm, is sold to oleomargarine manufacturers at 4½ cents per pound. The bladder, wizen, reed and bung gut are sold for about 8 cents a set, and made into skins for wrapping sausages in. The head brings 30 cents, and the meat is taken off it and canned, while the bones are used for fertilizers. The flesh tail, worth five cents, is made into soap, and the hair tail, which is used for making mattresses or mixed with lime and sand for building purposes is sold at four cents. Horns, which bring 19 cents per pair, are converted into bone buttons, handles for cutlery, etc. The blood is dried by steam, which separates the water from it, and then baked in a drying machine and sold for sugar refining and fertilizing purposes. Of late years it has also been manufactured into buttons for chemical process. A number of consumptives come to the slaughter houses daily, and drink the warm blood from the freshly-killed animals with very beneficial results in many cases. The stomachs are used for tripe, and bring 12½ cents to 15 cents each. The tongue is worth 50 to 60 cents, and is usually smoked. The heart and liver together bring 30 cents, and although sometimes used for human food, are generally sold for cats, and dogs, meat.

The little village of Abilene, Kansas, is noted for having six churches. It has only one newspaper, and that is a weekly; but Abilene is nevertheless ahead of all other towns in this season's competition in the matter of warm weather stories. A farmer living near Riley Center—so it is printed—started for Garrison with a load of hogs; but the sun was warm, and the hogs were fat, and when the farmer arrived in Garrison, his eighty-five dollars worth of pork had melted, and leaked through the bottom of the wagon box.

FOR THE FAIR SEX.

Fashion Notes.

A very large Alsacian bow of dark red plush, held by a gilt ornament, is worn in the hair with morning toilettes.

Pocket-handkerchiefs for day use have a narrow hem of porcelain or of dark red, and sometimes the entire center is in small blocks of ecru with white.

Ecru lace mitts, and dark tan-colored mitts in the closely woven silk Marguerite patterns, are stylishly worn with black dresses and those of very dark [illegible].

Fine scarfs of colored Surah for the neck have square ends of white or of ecru vermicelli lace, embroidered with gay silks in pretty designs of baskets holding flowers, butterflies, and birds' nests.

A pendant pocket of white satin and Spanish lace is hung by ivory white ribbons to the belt to be worn with evening dresses. A gold brooch holds the lace together in the front, and a cluster of natural flowers is thrust in it, or is fastened on the outside.

The flounces made of goods with striped borders came into favor very quickly and are generally worn; those of shaded materials being more expensive, are less common.

Gowns with short skirts, flounced almost to the waist, are made with no drapery and no other trimming except clustering loops and ends of narrow ribbon tipped with silver drops.

False Eyebrows.

"Item—two eyebrows, indifferent, badly put on," concluded a young lady, talking with true feminine charity of a fair sister then going through the mazes of a lanciers on the middle of the floor.

"What do you mean?" said the reporter.

"Why, they are a misfit."

A long look, a steady look, and a look altogether at the eyebrows in question did indeed indicate a something wrong about them, but what it was was not so evident.

"Do you really mean that they are false?"

"I do."

"And that the resources of civilization have put within the reach of lovely women the means of circumventing nature when the good dame is parsimonious in the matter of eyebrow?"

"Yes, that is what I mean."

"But how are they put on, and how are they kept on?"

"You never would understand it if you did not see how it was done; the process is called re-enforcing the eyebrow. You know most girls have eyebrows as far as they go, but, especially in blondes, this feature is defective, while even brunettes would generally wish to have more eyebrow than they can grow naturally."

"Why?"

"Because it sets off the eye, and takes off that appearance of boldness or bulginess which an unbrowed eye always has. If you ever see a young lady at her toilet, which of course you haven't, you will notice that the very last thing she does is to light a match and burn it so as to have as much charcoal as possible. This little crayon is then wet with —with the dew on her rosebud lips, and drawn lightly and skillfully across her brows in the true arch of Juno. The black deposit is then rubbed in beneath the tiny hairs, having only the effect of darkness; and the result is enough to make the eyebrows stand out to the proper relative place in the precision of the features.

"I get that effect from charcoal; Jennie gets it with more hair. When they don't fit there is a look about them which is very unnatural and by which they can be detected at once."

"But how are they put on?"

"It is a very complicated process and an elaborate one. The eyebrows must be parted down the center, and this false bit, which is just an edge of hair carefully bandolined along the bottom, stuck in and combed lengthways with the eyebrows. It is extremely difficult to do this properly, taking a great deal of time and trouble, and then when it is done the whole business may be brushed out by accident. A girl has to take a whole lot of chances anyhow if she wants to look pretty."—*St. Louis Dispatch.*

Fairly Beaten.

Goethe was one evening interrupted, while absorbed in literary work, by a caller from America. When the caller was asked by a servant if he had any special business, he replied, "Only to see the poet."

Goethe was vexed at the interruption, and showed it plainly. Coming hastily into the room without a word of greeting, he seated himself abruptly on a stool, as if saying, "If you only wish to see me, look at me."

The visitor's impudence was sublime. He proved himself master of the occasion. In perfect silence, like Goethe's, he rose, took a lamp from the table, and walked slowly around the poet, looking at him from every point of view.

Goethe was conquered by this coolness. He burst into a hearty laugh, and began to converse in his pleasant style. The visitor proved to be an agreeable companion, and Gothe was amused at his impudence.—*Youth's Companion*

"I just went out to see a friend for a moment," remarked Jones to his wife the other evening as he returned to his seat at the theater. "Indeed," replied Mrs. Jones with sarcastic surprise, "I supposed, from the odor of your breath, that you had been out to see your worst enemy." Jones winced.—*Boston Post.*

What The Clerk Wanted.

Old Pinchem sat in his private office the other day figuring up his profits for May, when his head clerk, looking as pale as a sheep and as red as a cow by turns, entered and began:

"Mr. Pinchem, I—I——"

"Have you got those goods off for Kalamazoo?" interrupted the old man.

"Yes, sir, they are off. Mr. Pinchem, I have long——"

"And about that order for starch?"

"That has been attended to, sir. Mr. Pinchem, I have long wanted to speak to you."

"Ah! speak to me. Why I thought you spoke to me fifty times a day."

"Yes, sir, I know, but this is a private matter."

"Private? Oh! Ah! Wait till I see how much we made on that 10,000 pounds of soap. Six times four are twenty-four; five times two are ten, and two to carry are twelve; three times seven are twenty-one and one—ah, well, go ahead; I'll finish this afterwards."

"Mr. Pinchem, I have been with you ten long years."

"Ten, eh? Long years, eh? Any longer than any other years? Go ahead."

"And I have always tried to do my duty."

"Have, eh? Go on."

"And I now make bold—"

"Hold on! What is there bold about it? But never mind—I'll hear you out."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask—ask—I want to ask—"

"Well, why don't you ask then? I don't see why you don't ask, if you want to."

"Mr. Pinchem, I want to ask you for —for—for—"

"You wan't to ask me for the hand of my daughter. Ah! Why didn't you speak right out? She's yours, my boy! Take her and be happy. You might have had her two years ago if you had mentioned it. Go long, now—I'm busy."

"Mr. Pinchem."

"What, you here yet? Well what is it?"

"I wanted to ask you, for—"

"Didn't I give her to you, you rascal!"

"Yes, but what I wanted to ask you for was, not the hand of your daughter, but a raise of salary."

"Oh, that was it, eh? Well sir, that is an entirely different matter, and it requires time for serious thought and earnest consultation. Return to your work, and some time next fall I'll see about giving you a raise of a dollar a week. Six times four are twenty-four and two to carry; and three times——"

Detroit Free Press.

Morocco.

Morocco is enclosed by the Mediterranean, Algeria, the desert of Sahara, and the Atlantic, and is inhabited by a mongrel population of about 800,000 souls. The agriculturists are mostly Arabs and Shelloohs, dwelling on the rich plains; they are poor cultivators, and are taxed to death. The wild Berber tribes, in a chronic state of revolt, occupy the perilous heights and passes of the Atlas chain. The Moors, the Jews, and the blacks crowd themselves into the towns and villages. From the blacks the bulk of the emperor's army is recruited. The Moors, descended principally from the Moors driven out of Spain by Ferdinand and Isabella, are a degenerate race, contaminated by intermarriages with the Arabs; the Jews are precisely what they were in Europe in the Middle Ages—thrifty, crafty, persecuted, uncomplaining, taking it out of their oppressors in the way of profits. Neither their lot nor their nature has been changed by exile. The notable towns are Morocco, the capital, El-Araish, Tafilet, Agadir, Mogadore, Fez, and Tangier. They are all ground into dust under the heel of the emperor. Tangier, the outer breached wall of Islamism, is regarded with particular disfavor, her commerce harassed, and her trade strangled by whimsical restrictions. No man there dares own himself rich; if suspected of secreted wealth, he is tortured until he reveals the hiding-place; then both his head and his money are removed. The emperor's idea of taxation is the simplest possible: he takes what he wants; there is no appeal. He alters weights, measures, and prices at will; the multiplication table goes down before him. The sword, the cord, the bastinado, and the branding-iron are ever ready to enforce his caprice. It is no hyperbole when the court poet assures this monster that he holds life and death in the hollow of his hand. He is the only full-blown despot whose dominions lie contiguous to civilization. The Czar of all the Russias is not so much his own master; the Sultan at Constantinople is not so absolute. The great despot breeds a host of lesser ones, and it is these that bleed Morocco unmercifully. The nomadic tribes have their sheik, the cities their cadi, the provinces their pasha—and the head devil at Fez has them all.—*T. B. Aldrich in Harper's Magazine.*

How We Judge of Distances.

The editor of the Louisville *Medical News* believes that we judge of distance and form with both eyes, and that we judge of direction with only one eye, which is the right or left, according as the observer is right or left-handed. To prove this he suggests the following experiment: "As you sit in your chair point to any object across the room with both eyes open and no attempt at 'sighting.' Close the left eye and you will find you are still accurately on the object, but close the right eye and you will discover with your present vision you are pointing clean over to the right, provided youare right-handed." Whichever hand isused in pointing, the result is the same.

ITEMS OF INTEREST.

The manufacture of oil from American cotton seed has begun in Italy on a large scale. It is mixed with olive oil, and sold for table use.

A Canadian farmer's boy, self-taught in the art of bird stuffing, has a collection of 1,800 birds, all caught, stuffed and mounted by himself.

The Dallas *Herald* estimates that there are in Texas 6,000,000 head of cattle, 2,000,000 head of horses, and 4,000,000 head of sheep.

Of emigrants, less than ten per cent. betake themselves to agriculture. The remainder settle in great cities, factory towns and mining disiricts.

The Mennonites in Kansas do not live in villages, but build houses at the corners of their quarter sections, so that at least four families have near neighbors. As a rule they are better off than the average western farmers.

Those who have regarded the postman as a happy being cognizant of all his neighbor's secrets will be somewhat astonished to learn that there is a department regulation forbidding them to read postal cards under penalty of a thousand dollars.

The Chicago *Inter-Ocean* tells the story that two young men promised to give a ladies' sewing circle in Frankfort, Ky., ten dollars if its members would keep absolute silence at its meeting for the space of one hour. After they had expressed their opinions vigorously of the young men, they timed themselves, set to work and won the money.

The great world's exhibition in Rome has been definitely decided upon. Prince Gabrielli is president, and the king's brother, the duke of Aosta, honorary president. The exhibition is to last from October, 1885, to May, 1886 The committee counts upon a subsidy from government and the city and province of Rome of twelve, two and one million respectively, estimating the grand total at 42,000,000 francs. More money will be raised by subscription.

How Hides are Taken Off and Salted.

In the abattoirs of this city the flayers of cattle use in taking off the hides a knife with a straight back and a keen edge, broad at the haft, but tapering up almost into a point at the end. The hoofs are first taken off at the first joint, a piece of the loose flesh at the throat cut out, an incision made in the neck and the knife run down through the middle of the belly and the [illegible] the lower side of the hair tail. The animal, which up to this time has been lying on its back, is inclined a little to one side, being supported in that position by a prop under the downwardly-inclining forequarter. Beginning at the neck, the flayer runs his knife carefully along until the hide is taken nearly off the side which is uppermost, then the animal is rolled over on that side and propped up as at the beginning, and the same flaying operation is repeated on the part which was downward at first. Next a wooden support, about four feet long, six inches deep, and two inches wide, having a large iron hook in the middle adapted to be fastened to a rope for hoisting purposes is run through incisions made in the hind legs just above the first joint; the rope is adjusted to the hook, and the carcass lifted up by a windlass, when the projecting ends of the joist are supported by cross beams about nine feet from the floor, and the body hangs suspended therefrom. One of the workmen now grasps those portions of the hide which have been taken off the sides of the animal near the neck, and another takes a large butcher's cleaver, and using the back, not the edge of the instrument, by repeated blows frees the skin from the rest of the carcass, while it is pulled off by the first workman. Great care is exercised in the process of flaying, as the workmen are subject to a fine for each cut and score on the hide.

When freshly taken off the hide is worth about eight cents per pound. In this state it is sold to the salters with the pates and tails on. The salters place them in beds of about 600 each. The floor of the salt room is generally cemented, and the bottom layer of the hides is laid with the hair side down; the salt is then sprinkled on the flesh side, and another layer is put down in like manner until the bed is complete. The hides are usually left in the salt from ten days to two weeks. The salt used must be of good quality and ground rather fine, as in case a lump of even the size of an egg is left upon the flesh side it will eat into the hair of the hide placed above it and very seriously detract from its value. It takes about 180 bushels of salt, worth from thirty-two cents to thirty-five cents per bushel, to each pack of 600 hides. When the hides are taken out of salt they are well shaken and folded, first doubled lengthwise, and then wrapped up in four or five folds. In some cases salters contract their hides to tanners by the month or year, and settlements are made at the end of each month on the basis of the average ruling price during that period. It is now, however, becoming customary for them to sell each lot to the tanner or dealer who will pay the highest figure at the time of delivery.

In some of the abattoirs where the butchers do not do their own salting, the salters hire the pens and make no charge to the slaughterers, but receive the hoofs of all the animals killed in lieu of other compensation. In the Jersey City abattoir the salters pay $1,000 per annum for each pen, affording accommodation for fifteen animals at a time.—*Shoe and Leather Reporter, New York.*

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Subscribers finding this paragraph marked will understand that their subscriptions have expired, and unless they promptly renew the paper will be discontinued to their address.

While it may be true, as our Virginia correspondent expresses it, that disfranchisement by a conviction before a magistrate is beyond the power of Executive clemency, the legislature, in our opinion, has the power to restore the franchise.

The South joins hands with the North in applauding merit in colored youth. The picture at the Normal School at Richmond, Va., where the ex-mayor in awarding a gold medal to a colored youth, commended the work of the lad as being the best thing of the kind seen in any of the schools, white or colored, is striking and suggestive of the future. Ex-Mayor *Keiley* is a Bourbon Democrat and the Normal School of which *Mr.* Mitchell is a graduate is within one hundred yards of Jeff Davis mansion, itself a school house for white children.

Why a Sunday school in these days refuses to procure a library we can not divine. A Sunday school which has no money in the treasury may be excused. A Sunday school, the families of whose pupils have well assorted libraries and current literature and parents able and willing to direct the reading of their children, can possibly dispense with libraries as useless luxuries, The Sunday school of the Fifth Baptist is not without means; and its members do not all have family libraries or competent parents to direct their reading. Why then this action? It is a crime against the children, and a great obstacle in their progress? Who is responsible for this matter?

It is reported that the colored laborers, at work on the Chesapeake and Ohio R. R., have been discharged and that their places are to be filled by Germans from Castle Garden, New York.

This is significant and we would like further light on the subject. Gen. Wickham is the 1st Vice President of the Chesapeake and Ohio R. R., and the manager of the interests of the Road in Virginia, and with al the leader of the Republicans who are contending for a straight-out nomination. Does he mean to secure the support of the colored vote by supplanting them with foreign labor on the plea that the colored laborers are unreliable? How is this, Messrs. Ross Hamilton and P. J. Carter?

There is more in the inability of respectable and influential colored persons to rent houses with modern conveniences and which are rented to the most ordinary white person than we at first imagined. About a year ago a colored gentleman, who had high official position in one of the Southern states took up his residence here, and in his desire to locate his family found vacant houses in a small street in a rapidly growing section of our city, settled principally by department clerks and people of small means. He called on one agent and received the accustomed unfavorable reply. At last an agent, Mr. ———, called on the owner of the houses and pleaded for his would be tenant, saying "Mr. ——— is a *gentleman* of culture and refinement; he was——in the state of ——and when his family and the manner in which he lives etc. are seen, the customary objection will vanish." The landlord replied "I don't care who the d—l he is. he may be Senator———;if he is a *nigger, he can not rent my house.*"

A row of houses just two stories high and not more than five rooms each, on lots not over 14 feet in width, has been erected during the past year. A colored woman of intelligence, yet of humble circumstances, seeing them and knowing they were just adapted to the size of her family and purse called on the agent. He said it had been held under advisement whether it was best to rent them wholly to colored people, indiscriminately to white and colored, or exclusively to whites; and it had been decided to follow the latter course.

The houses are on R street, above 16th. adjoining the residence of Rev. Grimke.

These are but a few instances of the discrimination against colored householders by owners of property or their agents. The exceptions to the rule are apparent rather than real. The rows on 12th. st. above S, T between 14th and 15th, and on S above 17th are open, because the ice being broken by purchases and removals the houses stood deserted and the agents were too glad to rent them to colored tenants. This all goes to show that we must own the houses in which we desire to live or combine to erect ones posessing modern conveniences.

A PLEA FOR LIFE.

BY MISS JULIA W. MASON.

Read at the Miner Normal School commencement Wednesday evening, June 8, 1881.

Along with the cry of struggling people we might also hear the pleas of Reformers. The Temperance reformer pleading for temperate lives, the Labor reformer for honest lives; the Prison reformer for the despised convict that his imprisonment may be his regeneration, and his new life show him a wiser, better and more useful man. All these are but pleas for life. But perhaps the plea that touches us most keenly to-night, the one that engages our thoughts and interests most deeply just now is the plea that has been aroused and is yet uttered throughout the country, a plea for the Higher Education. Industrial and Technical Schools have put forth their just claims, and here and there throughout the land they are springing up, but the supply does not meet the demand. And from no people can this cry come with more earnestness, with deeper entreaty, or more urgent needs than from us.

In a recent daily paper occurred the following item:

"Coming down the Potomac, Senator ——— said to me 'that he considered the young Negro population of Washington one of the worst and most dangerous in the world, and a serious danger.'"

Are work-shops open to this class of people? Is there a fair opportunity given them to learn trades and thus acquire habits that will make them better and less dangerous? The maxim is as true to-day as ever, "that mischief is always found for idle hands to do;" and since these gentlemen are so well aware of the danger, and must know the means best adapted to lesson it, we shall look with interest for some movement from them that we shall hail as a blessing.

Educate our people, put trades in their hands. Let us live and I will vouch that the chain-gangs and penitentiaries will be but sparsely represented by our race. If a plant shoots up and receives no care, is not trained, gets but little sunlight and moisture, do you expect it to become anything? Just so with our young race—give them the necessary materials for growth and they will come out with but very few exceptions, full-grown, sturdy oaks, that will adorn this grand forest and furnish timber suitable for the most costly and elaborate buildings in our land. And while there are those who grant that Industrial and Technical schools may be good for us, denounce in the strongest terms our plea for a high school education. They loudly assert that high school training unfits our young people for the ordinary business of life. There may be cases which lend a show of plausibility to this statement, but how will the number of these compare with the hopeless cases that have not had this training? If a scholar is rendered incapable of gaining a livelihood by receiving high school instruction, we may safely conclude that the composition of his nature is such as to make him unfit without it; sending a young man or woman to a high school does not of itself make him capable and efficient any more than getting a man in church will of itself make him good. There must be underlying qualities or the basis for development is wanting. Wherever there is a good high school it exerts a benign influence on the families represented therein; intelligence is scattered abroad, there is a general uplifting of the whole community, and that is greatly needed in our midst.

We acknowledge the imperative necessity of care and thoroughness in the lower grades of schools. If but one year's work, or two is done, let that work leave its impress upon the child that graduates from it; but if we can rear the entire structure, its foundation laid in the primary schools, its capstone placed upon it in the university, we plead earnestly for the privilege.

Progress is the watchword of the times, and must continue; therefore, let us live! And how can we secure the results wished for in high schools if the training is not rightly effected in the lower grades? The children must receive proper early instruction, and in no way can this be better accomplished than by giving those who are to train these young minds a thorough preparation for the work. Then give us Normal Schools, they are the corner-stone of our system. Gail Hamilton claims "that the ideal of the system is to take a key and wind it up at the centre and have the whole machinery to the uttermost circle tick and strike and move with unchanged regularity." But ah! she is mistaken. She evidently knows nothing whatever of a good normal school. Give teachers the proper training and ten years hence she will see and feel the powerful influence exerted by it in our land. But let us not despair of the life of all these institutions: good work done in them will do more than any words that may be spoken, and will win the most distrustful to assent to their importance. The opposition may seem to be very strong and the advance but slow, but

> "Little by little the world grows strong,
> Fighting the battle of Right and Wrong;
> Little by little the Wrong gives way,
> Little by little the Right has sway;
> Little by little all longing souls
> Struggle up nearer the shining goal;
> Little by little the God of all
> Lifts the world nearer the pleading call."

Kind friends, school officers and instructors, in behalf of my classmates, I tender you our heartfelt thanks for all your kindness in the past. Cheered by your approving smile, by your readiness to provide us with the necessary aids, and by your earnest teachings, we have been preparing ourselves for our profession, and as the field of our labor lies in your very midst, allow us to tell you by acts rather than by words how well the work has gone on. We enter upon our duties with a full conviction of their importance and of our own individual responsibilities. To become an accomplished teacher is in itself a purpose worthy of our highest and noblest ambition. Cherishing this feeling we have all the motive needed to call forth our every effort to attain the end in view.

"Be every measure of our choice,
to aid in forming deathless intellect; e'en looking to the boundless
future of its destiny."

(Concluded from last week.)

A Talk with "Joyce" on Baptism.

BY QUIZ.

As you are tired of the controversy just passed, I will change the subject.

I would like to ask your opinion of the doings of mothers, who have daughters to be baptised on baptismal Sundays.

I witnessed such a scene Sunday and it suggested these thoughts to my mind.

Are we obliged to have mothers in the gospel? And if we are, must they wear long aprons and old hats? Are they obliged to carry the baskets up in the church? Could they not leave them in the lower rooms?

Sunday there was a general parade of baskets and long aprons up the aisles during the minister's talk, which was very annoying to him. Then the mothers must go up some two or three times to whisper to their daughters. I suppose they do it to let people know that they have daughters to be baptised. When preparation for baptising commences there is a general rush made by the "mothers in the gospel" to the pulpit, there they stand so that no one can see but themselves. They are then ready to receive their children as they come out, shouting and splashing water on the ladies, hats and gentlemen's shirt fronts. Now I would like to know if you think all this is necessary.

From Virginia.

Dunlap lace, King Grove Co., Va.

MR. EDITOR:

This county has been filled to the square inch with politics. Every body talks politics, The election was for County and Circuit court clerkship, and the contest was between Brown, a Funder Democrat who had only held the office for forty four years, and Price, President of the Republican party in this county. Price was a captain in the Southern army. The Republicans being in the majority the Re-adjusters gave them the head of the ticket, and they took the second place. Brown was the candidate of the Bourbon Funder party, Price the candidate of the Republican Re adjuster party. The former candidate is in favor of the whipping post, which is a disgrace to any people. If the whipping was carried out, it would be bad enough then; but it is intended for the Negro's back. A white man never was known to be whipped in this county. The whipping post acts like a two edged-sword on the Negro. 1st. his back is lacerated; The law says, "the stripes must be well laid on." I am told by those who know, that in putting them on, they draw blood; 2nd. because those who receive these stripes are forever disfranchised. This law was cunningly drawn, to make conviction before magistrates disfranchise a person, after he has been publicly whipped,—whereas in capital crimes, a criminal, may be pardoned and restored to citizenship again; but in this case conviction by any magistrate distranchises a man forever, because he has no redress through the pardoning power of the Executive of the State.

Had man the disposition to defend his manhood and freedom, his funds would give out before his case got from the minor to the highest state courts. This is one of the many disgraces which the Re adjuster party asks the Republican to help them remove from the statute books. Strange to say this, but it is true. With this disgrace before the eyes of the colored citizens of this county, hundreds of them pledged themselves to and voted for Brown. He had their poll taxes paid, visited their houses in person, etc., made them pledge their votes to him, had men to watch them at the polls, to see whether they would keep their word. Money was used among the leading colored men that they might make the more ignorant among them vote for Brown. Price the Re-adjuster Republican is a poor man. Brown is a rich man. Price had no money to use. The colored people played sharp on Price, they took his tickets, pretended they were voting his ticket, but voted for Brown. There was no money used by the Readjuster-Republican party. All honors to the white Readjusters. They stood by the ticket, while the colored men who had all to gain by voting for Price—the abolition of the whipping post, the increase of free schools, for their children, the keeping of them open the full school term—did not. All this is being done under the Readjuster movement in the State.

The Readjuster party in this county numbers some of the best families in its ranks. They have nine public schools for colored children, two colored male teachers; they would have more if they could get colored teachers who are qualified to teach. Daniel Dunlop, the model teacher of this county, is the only teacher who teaches the normal graded system including drawing. He also introduced the improved desk now in use in the public schools in the cities. The part he took in the election may cause him to lose his school. He was appointed a worker and a ticket holder, by authority from the Readjuster headquarters at Richmond, Va. The School Board is composed of Funders in this county, therefore, he may lose his school, if the Readjusters don't protest against it. Brown's majority over Price was 225.

ISAIAH MITCHELL.

—Mr. L. A. Cornish, delegate to the International Sunday School Union, which met in Toronto, Canada, on the 22nd inst., left for that place Tuesday morning last.

For the PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.]

FOLLY vs. WISDOM.

BY POTOMAC.

Ruby Holmes had been sitting for a half hour by the neatly curtined window with a very thoughtful air, watching, seemingly, the passers-by; occasionally directing her eyes down the street to catch glimpses of the twinkling lights on the Avenue. Indeed, these specks of fire were multiplying in every direction—for dusk was deepening, and daylight fading. Soon the lamps on either corner were lighted, and the streets lay out beneath myriads of blinkling, twinkling, elfish eyes.

A rousing rap on the kitchen-door startled Ruby, and she made haste to get the shining basin for the milkman. Every vessel of tin in her mother's pantry was as shining as those on the shelves of the tin smith. Joe Fink shuffled his feet, balanced himself on one, and seemed in a great worry; but this he always did. He seemed never to have a minute to spare. One might think that all Washington depended on the supplies of his cans exclusively; so by storm did he daily take back doors or windows. People do say that more than one pane of glass has suffered under his four stout knuckles.

Ruby returned to the sitting room, lighted the evening lamp and drew the curtines, then sat down to glance over the paper. Soon a marriage notice caught her eye

"Why, Mother Holmes! did you know George Washington was married again? his wife not dead one year yet, either. I have no patience with a man who, following a wife to the grave, finds a compensation on the way home,—not the least bit!" and crampling the paper she threw it from her.

Mrs. Holmes smiled and continued knitting.

Ruby watched the glancing of the needles some seconds, then said coaxingly—"Now, mother, here is Tuesday night, and that ball Friday night, and you haven't yet said a word about it. Go I must, mother, I really must. Friday is my birth day, too. You know Sanford says this ball is my birth-day party, and as he's going, of course. I must go. Mother, I'll wash the dishes and scrub the floor all the week, if you will only say,—'yes, you shall go.'"

Sanford Holmes, a growing manly youth of eighteen, two years the senior of his sister, here entered the room.

"The ball is on foot, I hear. Not one wink of sleep under this roof to-night."

"Sanford, what shall I wear? All the girls say there is no taste like yours."

"All the girls show what fools girls can be; though I hope I do possess a little taste which is synonomous with sense, and I get it from our 'Mother Holmes' here," and the young man bestowed an affectionate glance on that little woman.

"Are you going, then? he continued.

"Yes, I guess so, am I not, mother? you know you have always meant that pretty silk which father bought before he died, for. After it is fitted I can make it. I want to look something like Lizzie Scroll. Her style is elegant"

"Flinders! you look like that flirt,—that dunce,—and I'll send you South. As sure as the world I will if you ever pattern a single shred after her!"

Now, Miss Scroll was only one of a multitude of foolish, vain, dressy girls, who throng our streets, and cheap amusements. But she had insinuated herself into the unsophisticated graces of Ruby Holmes, who, forthwith made an ideal of her.

"You don't like her because her father is a barber," retorted Ruby indignant, for hers was an honest little heart and defended a friend with considerable vim.

"You know better," replied her brother. "An upright barber is as worthy of respect as others who follow honest occupation,—the 'white apron livery' for instance. I bore her taunt in silence, but I detest her. I actually think she cannot read a page in a child's reader correctly, and I am not at all sure that she can write or knows how much sixty and forty are."

"You are too bad!" and Ruby began to cry.

"Let me tell you a story, child. They used to tell it on the plantation, in the nursery, when I was young. 'A woodpecker and a dove went one day to visit a peacock. On the way back the woodpecker asked the dove how she liked Mr. Peacock, intimating at the same time that he thought him a vain conceited fellow. "And his pride, his misshapen feet, his hateful voice,—are not these insufferable?"

"I had no time to note these disagreeables,' replied the dove;" I was admiring the sheen and glitter of his plumage, his beautiful head and imposing train."

"That is she!" exclaimed Sanford, and paused in the act of pulling off his left boot. "Peacock women and girls every where. Small heads, little in them, and sweeping trains. Lizzie Scroll is one of them."

"This fable teaches a lesson," continued the mother. "As you mingle with people you will meet these three classes. The woodpecker would do well to some who overlook the faulty side of their fellows, and seek out their good side. The doves must needs invite and profit by the experience of wiser mates to balance character aright;—to recognise and shun the evil, to imitate, and rejoice in the worth they find. As much as they dislike this girl whom you call your friend. I must candidly own there is one love common to you both, and it is the love of dress. This love in the rich rises into extravagance, and in the poor it degenerates into finery, I think in my heart Ruby Holmes is above tinsel and ganze, and so it is that I am grieved when I see her enamored of and bewitched by an ignorant, cheap nature."

Ruby's ideal was paling fast before the judgment of mother and brother. But she could not resist a final thrust.

"The girls say time was when Sanford Holmes was very attentive to this same Miss Scroll."

"Confound the girls!" and the speaker suddenly rose from his chair. "I wont say but Folly and her court once did come nearly to controling me but Wisdom came running to my rescue, and I had the sense to accept her arm and turn my back to the other. Do you wish I had tied myself to —to her?"

"Who? Folly?" and his sister's roguish eyes met Sanford's frankly and fairly." "No you dear old boy, and wont you ask Wisdom to give me the other arm and we'll give Peacocks the go-by for ever."

Neither of the young people went to the ball, but when Sanford came in on Friday evening he dropped into Ruby's hand a gold pin for her hair hardly half an inch in length; and its device was quaint,—an owl.

THE ATLANTIC MONTHLY

FOR JULY, 1881.

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Rest in Peace.

EDWIN L. THOMAS.

The sun rose fair in the eastern horizon and bespoke for all a clear and warm day on which to pay the annual tribute of respect to the memory of the dead, both to those who fell in the defence of their country and those who died in the embrace of friends by whom they were held near and dear.

It is solemn and mournful and yet a pleasant duty to perform; to go in them any cemeteries and strew flowers over the graves of persons or over the remains of persons unknown, but having an assurance that the cause in which they fell was a grand and glorious one; and the results of the battles in which their lives were lost will ever be felt in the heart of every true American citizen.

But when we meet around the grave of one whom we have known, one whom to know was but to love, how much more solemn how much more grand must be the scene, now enno'ling the feeling!

Such was the case with a few teachers and scholars of Union Bethel A. M. E. Sun[illegible] School on the morning of the 30th of [illegible] when they met around the grave of their late Superintendent John F. Wright Esq. More than two years [illegible] and the [illegible] bored in that field to wa[illegible] adapted, the Sunday School, [illegible] has largely increased, that love growing more and more resplendent, and with those scholars among and for whom he worked, the name "Mr. John F. Wright," has become a household word and a tower of strength.

The life of John F. Wright is only another example of that great truth that "Every man has his own work allotted to him" and [illegible] from labor to re[illegible] one can come in and take [illegible] where he left off, because his work is done his accounts are balanced, and his books closed, and when they are opened again, they will only be opened for the Eternal to pronounce [illegible] which was done [illegible] have no right [illegible] for once upon the Divine prerogative as to this case and there are but few but will acknowledge that the life lessons which he taught in the Sunday school, the many teachers and scholars who through his earnest pleadings and ardent prayers were brought to the feet of Christ and the many more who through the instrumentality of his death were brought to a saving knowledge of the truth has it is in Christ Jesus, all tend to show to us, that so far as human judgment may be allowed to reach John F. Wright's work was done and well done, and you may well say [illegible]

"No further seek his merits to disclose
Nor draw his frailties to their dread abode,
There they alike in trembling hope repose
In the bosom of his Father, and his God,"

After covering the grave with choice flowers Miss Mattie R. Bowen read in a most pathetic style one of Mrs. Hemans' beautiful poems entitled "Bring Flowers" followed by Miss Chanie Patterson who in a feeling manner read from the same author "The Dying Hour" after which those who were present sang one of Mr. Wright's favorite hymns "Shall we meet beyond the River," The Superintendent Mr. C. H. Shorter, then read a verse from Wilson's "Death of a Missionary" and and paid a fitting tribute to the life and of the deceased which was followed by singing "We shall walk through the streets of the city."

The party then proceeded to the graves of Misses Rachel and Margaret and Master Sonny Durham, the former a teacher, the latter two scholars. Here a most touching scene occurred; they were met unexpectedly at the grave by the aged father who had come to strew flowers over all that he had to live for in this world—all of his children and aged mother, while the throng sang "In the sweet bye and bye." The great grief at the loss and the blessed hope of meeting them again caused the aged father and son to bow his head with grief and weep tears of joy. After proceeding to the grave of the late Emory Dyson and strewing flowers and singing his favorite song "Wonderful words of life" we proceeded homeward well pleased with our morning work.

Let that individual, whether a correspondent or otherwise employed, who thinks that the Negro is worthless and trifling, lay aside his quill, grasp his hoe, and take a row in the cotten field side by side with a black brother one of these long June days. If the experience does not convince him that he has been believing a falsehood, we submit that his opinion is not worth a black man's worrying over.—*Huntsville* (Ala.) *Gazette.*

West Washington.

The Sunday School Union held a meeting at the First Baptist church last Sunday and elected the following officers: J. C. Becket, President; J. N. Williams, Vice president; J. F. Walters, Secretary; T. Yates, Treasuerr; J. Ogle, Chief Marshall.

—J bu Ricks received $1500, to surrender his lease to the property on 7th. St. at which he has been carrying on business. He opens on O street next door to the new market.

THE PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

SATDURAY, JUNE 25, 1881.

AGENTS.

Baltimore..... D. D. Dickson.
Levi Cromwell Gen'l Ag't for Phila.
Washington..... G. B, Anderson.
" ..... G. W. Renfro.
C. A. Lemar, Collector for Washing on
New Bedford, Mass..... Wm. H. Carney.
Lawrence,..... Rev. W. H. Scott.

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Advertisements see rates.

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Wm. . Freeman, 1905 K street northwest, Washington, D. C.
D. D. Dickson, 81½ St. Paul St., Baltimore, Md.

—Societies and churches wishing local notices of their entertainments and other special exercises, in order to ensure t same should send complimentary tickets.

And bent down to
No furrows of time or care had
The face that looked back at him.

He saw at a farmer's boy
As he stooped o'er the brim to drink.
And ruddy and tanned cheeks, at which an
That met his over charged, for twenty-five cents. tf.

—The public Schools have all closed.

—Mr. George M. Matthews was in the city Sunday.

—The small-pox is on the increa in Richmond, Va.

—A general exodus of school teachers may be expected in a week or two.

—M You were going away
And I said a calm
—Now is the time when the green cucumber gripeth ye smal boy.

—Miss Louise A. Smith has taken up a letter.
summer quarters at Norw Conn.

The dusk of
florid beauty into
quite subdues the heart o
m near Falls

—Our fashionable gentlemen, the city barbers, gave an excellent picnic to Tivoli Park Monday.

—Miss Mamie Nichols sings a lively soprano, as was shown at the High School graduating exercises.

—We have a compositor in our office by the name of H. B. R., who is about three feet high, but he "gits there"—on a box.

—Miss Briggs, principal of the Miner Normal School, gave her r cent graduates "Will excursion to Occoquan Falls Sue?"

—The young men of Washington are "begging out" quite rapidly to various parts of the north, the majority of them going to Boston and New York.

—Rev. A. B. Wilson has opened an amanuensis office at the Federal Building, and he should be liberally supported. His rates are low and his work first class.

—Rev. S. P. Smith will take charge of the afternoon Sunday School at Lincoln Mission to-morrow; he has also started a morning school. He will be in need of teachers.

—Dr. Crummell preached a sermon last Sunday concerning the duty of supporting the church; afterwards several members of the vestry explained the church debt which is $6,000.

—The Washington Cadets propose to spend the Fourth at Van Ness Garden. As this Garden is so convenient of access and the Cadets so popular, success ought to be certain. See advertisement.

—Atlantic City has grown rapidly as a place of resort for colored patrons, because of better accommodations than at Cape May. We refer all contemplating going thither to the advertisement of Mesdames Burton and White found elsewhere.

—The superintendent and a majority of the teachers of the 5th Baptist Sunday School don't want a library for their school and so voted at their last meeting: but this vote was opposed strenuously by a respectable minority.

A Safe-Stand-By for the family, during the season of Cholera Morbus, Summer Complaints, Cramps, Diarrhœas, and all Bowel Complaints, is Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam—of admitted efficacy, and if occasion should arise, sure to prove useful.

—St. Luke's choir is giving excellent music now days. The "*Magnificat*" was finely rendered last Sunday by the following quartette: Mrs. Lena McKenney, Soprano: Mrs. Anna Murray, alto: Mr. R. W. Thompkins, tenor: Mr. R. S. Parrott bass.

—Mr. J. F. Carle gave select readings at Lincoln Mission Tuesday evening last. Miss Hallie Q. Brown was present by request and read two selections. There were just 17 persons in the hall, among them were, Bishop J M. Brown, Rev F. J. Grimke, Mrs. M. A. S. Cary, Mr. W. H. Richards, Maj. Martin R. Delaney, Mr. C. D. Johnson, Mr. L. O. Posey and Rev. S. P. Smith. Mr. Carle and Miss Brown read well, giving general satisfaction to this small but highly cultivated audience.

JOHNSON—Fell asleep in Jesus on Friday, June 17th, 1881. Blaine Wilson, infant son of John T. and Susan Johnson aged five days.

"and He took them in his arms and ed them."—Mark-10 chap. 16th vrs

—The following gentlemen have been appointed by the trustees a Board of Managers for Asbury M. E. Church: B. W. Chase, president; Solomon H. Morrison, secretary; John Lockly, Martin Franklin, Geo. E. Brown, E. John, Andrew Dovcot, Harry Young, Daniel Young, John Dyrer James Nicholas, Lewis Bricer, John Bond, D. D. Harris, Samuel Bond, James Hicks.

It is the duty of the gentlemen to assist the trustees in keeping order during divine service and to act as ushers on all public occasions. They will be publicly installed in their duties to-morrow morning.

—So it seems from a recent publication in the *Republican*, that a big scandal has invaded one of the most exclusive social circle in this city among the whites. The facts are that a secretary of a foreign legation and a friend of his, also an attache of a foreign legation, guests at a reception were over profuse in their attentions to "a young lady who has always been a prominent as well as a favorite in society." They remained a the refreshment table after all of the guests had repaired to the parlors, plied her with wine, took her up to one of the dressing rooms where they remained together some time, escorted her home, and by other actions suffered the most damaging imputations and inferences to be made. The sequel is that there was much the young lady left town and the eyes, wh tipped are socially ignored. That is lo ht to be.

Educational.

The following communication will be of interest to all friends of education Professor Lane is known to this community to be an earnest educator.

ELIZABETH CITY, N. C,
June 17, 1881.

Editor of the People's Advocate:—Sir,—

A few days ago the following item appeared in the Washington papers:

"Prof. Wiley Lane, of Howard University, Will go soon to spend a short time in visiting his father in Elizabeth City, N. C., after which he will spend most of the summer vacation in travelling in different parts of the South, probably in North Carolina, South Carolina, and Tennessee, in the interest of the University. His object will be to diffuse more general information about Howard University, to show the advantages of student life in Washington, and to increase the number of students at the University."

In pursuance of the plan here suggested please allow me space in your columns to state the outline of my route. I shall leave here on Monday next, June 20th, and shall be in Richmond, Va. Sunday, June 26th, in Lynchburg, Sunday, July 3rd, in Charlotte, N. C., July 17th, in Columbia, July 24th, in Charleston, Aug. 1st, in Wilmington, N. C. Aug. 8th, and in Raleigh Aug. 15th, when e I shall go to Norfolk and end the work of the summer. I shall be at these points on the Sundays named, and in the week days. I will visit all the important towns easily accessible from them

Having been seven years a student at the University, and two years an instructor, I am well prepared to give all needed information respecting it.

I hope to have the assistance of all friends of education and advancement to facilitate my efforts in this important mission. Besides my special object, I shall be glad to see and talk with all worthy young men who desire to study theology preparatory for the Gospel Ministry.

Mail directions to me at the places and dates indicated above, will reach me.

WILEY LANE.

PERSONAL.

Moses Taylor, well known in Richmond, Va. and indeed throughout the country as the most spirited and bellicose hackman in Richmond died of small pox. He was attacked with the disease on Monday, Tuesday he was removed to the hospital and died on Wednesday night.—"Va. Star."

After the regular exercises at the Normal School Superintendent Peay brought forward a map drawn by John Mitchell, jr. announcing to the pleasant surprise of the audience that the committee on Schools had awarded a gold medal to the drawer. It is a map of the State of Virginia, with a plan of the cities of Richmond and Manchester and a coat of arms of the State of Virginia. Ex-Mayor Keiley who made the presentation speech, said, so far as his observation extended, the map was superior to anything of the kind he had ever seen in the public schools white or colored, "I am proud" he said 'to see it fall in the hands of one of the colored children, am delighted, the School Board is delighted to see such demonstration of capacity on the part of the colored children." Mr. Keiley said the drawing of the coat of arms of the State would have done credit to a trained artist. Mr. Keiley's address was as it deserved to be heartily applauded for its generous broad and manly sentiment.-"Va. Star"

All readers of the Washington newspaper reports have doubtless noticed the marked difference with which Democratic Senators endorsed the nomination of Frederick Douglass and Colonel Bruce to their respective stations. Probably all do not stop to think, however, that the census returns showing the healthy increase in the Negro population, has much to do with the great change that has come over the spirit of the Democratic dreams recently. Had the returns shown a decrease in the colored population, the floodgates of Democratic eloquence in Congress would have been opened, and great rivers of rhetoric explicatory of the impending danger of Negro equality, would have turned loose upon an already overburdened public. There is nothing that succeeds like success, and if our people would still command greater respect from the whole world, the Democrats included, they must continue the fire all along the line. There must be no let up in the policy of going forth and multiplying and replenishing the earth. Let the census of 1890 show a still greater increase than the last one, and our democratic brethren, in addition to welcoming us as hail fellows well met, will be anxiously inquiring how the thing is done. Let all do their duty. remembering,

"That he who dallies is a dastard,
And he who doubts is damned."

—*Leader.*

G. U. O. of O. F.

Communications for this column should be addressed to "ODD FELLOWS' COLUMN," PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE.

Brief communications and inquiries for this column are invited. It is, as its name implies, devoted to the interests of the order.—Ed.

BROTHERLY LOVE LODGE No. 896, J. L. Thomas, P. S. No. 106 Short st, Harrisburg, Pa. Every Monday evening Eby's Building Market st. near 6th. dec25 1y

WASHINGTON, D. C.

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Mount Olive Lodge No. 1333 meetings 1st and 3rd Mondays, Judson Malvin P. S. Lock Box 16, or 1711 11th street.

METROPOLITAN LODGE, No. 125, K. of W. M. 1st and 3rd Mondays, 7th Street n. w., J. W Cromwell, E. A., Dr. S. L. Cook G. S. and Medical Examiner.

Boston, Mass.

Sumner lodge, 1384, celebrated its twelth anniversary, at Paine's Memorial Hall in Boston, on Wednesday evening the 8th. inst. The members of the order were out in full force. The council was represented and the patriarchie was in power with their fine uniform and military bearing. The grand entry of the lodge, accompanied by the higher branches, marching around the room several times attracted much attention. The singing by the lodge and the giving of honors made a favorable impression. The annual report was read by Bro. Fergusson, the P. S. which indicated decided progress. The oration delivered by T. Morris Chester of New Orleans was listened to with deep interest and was received with rounds of applause, The audience was treated to some select reading by a promising young member of the lodge whose name was not put down on the programme. The quartette singing was rendered in grand style and was loudly encored. Miss B. B. Wolf presided at the piano with credit to herself and entire satisfaction to all who heard her. She promises to be a Star in the musical world. A grand banquet followed, but in consequence of the large crowd, toasts and speeches were omitted, because there were too many who were obliged to wait for the next table which would have been to great a test for human patience. The good things were served by the well-known caterer, Mr. William Tufts, and were abundant and luxurious; they which were displayed with the most tempting and artistic taste, running the entire length of the hall. The whole affair passed of in a manner highly creditable to Sumner lodge of which its members have a right to feel justly proud. The committee of Arrangements was equal to the occasion, and their chairman, Bro. W. H. B. Roberson showed by the result, that he understood how to run an anniversary celebration with success.

A Query.

To the Editor of the Progressive American: SIR,—

I would like to ask information through your columns as to the obligation of a member of a lodge of Odd Fellows to state, at the request of another member, what kind of a ball he cast where a vote by ballot has been taken by the lodge on a question before it. Hamilton Lodge, No. 710 G. U. of O. F., of this city, has adopted such a rule in its By-Laws, and as I deem it beyond precedent, and contrary to civil, mystic, or any other law. I would like some person versed in the laws of the Odd Fellows Order, to enlighten me on the subject.

T. S. P. M.

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AT
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WASHINGTON CADETS,
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1881.

The Cadets having been urged by their many friends to celebrate the Fourth by opening this Beautiful Park, which is now being repaired for the occasion, take Pleasure in inviting their friends to participate with them.

Park open from 9 a. m. to 12 p. m. The Committee reserves the right to reject Improper Persons.

je.-25 2t.

LECTURE!
At Berean Baptist Church,
(18th bet. L and M sts. n. w.)
FRIDAY EVENING, JULY 15, '81.

By Capt. ISAAC F. NORMAN, of Ohio, (now in the United States Life Saving Service, Treasury Department.)

Subject: The Three Needs of the Colored Race.

Mr. Norman's reputation as a public speaker is a sufficient guarantee that those who may be present, will be pleasantly and profitably entertained.

ADMISSION, - - - - - 15 cents.

Entire Proceeds for the benefit of a poor but worthy Student of Howard University. Tickets can be had in or at any of the Departments.

Lecture begins at 8 o'clock.

je.-25-3t.

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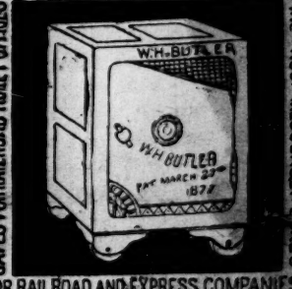
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PULLMAN SLEEPING-CARS are run from Washington to New Orleans without change of cars.

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For tickets and information call at Virginia Midland Office, 601 Pennsylvania avenue.

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Outward Bound.

I dwell far inland, but I feel
The ocean breeze around me blow,
I hear the dashing of a keel
Through billows white as drifted snow,
I see the sunshine through the spray,
For one I love has sailed to-day!

O restless waters, lightly bear
So dear a burden on your breast!
Float cheerily in the soft, spring air,
O starry pennon of the West!
Let only halcyon breezes play
With heaving wave and tide to-day.

Bloom, heather, on the Scottish moors,
Wake, violets, in dear English dells!
The heart that seeks your storied shores
With all a poet's fervor swells;
High hopes illume with rainbow ray
The broad, bright ocean path to-day.

And if at times a thought of me
Shall, swift and still, the wanderer meet,
O sunbeam, starbeam! faithfully
That thought in many hues repeat,
My heart must follow on its way
The fair ship outward bound to-day.

Portland Transcript.] [Frances L. Mace.

THE HOME DOCTOR.

A superior remedy for a sore throat is, on returning to rest, to rub on the outside a little volatile liniment and swallow slowly a few drops of paregoric, letting it dissolve in the saliva and spread along down the inflamed parts. The liniment is generally sufficient alone. Volatile liniment is simply a mixture of sweet oil and aqua ammonia (called liquid hartshorn). These are put into a vial and shaken, using such proportion as to form a semi-liquid soap. An ounce or two can be got cheaply at the druggist's, and, if tightly corked, it will keep for months. Rub it on with the fingers. This is also good for soreness of the chest or joints, or for lameness, stiff neck, etc.

An improved kind of glue dressing for wounds has recently been suggested, consisting in the addition of acetic acid to ordinary glue and a little ottar of roses to cover the odor of the glue and the acid. This compound, spread on paper or muslin, is found to furnish a good substitute for adhesive plaster in surgical use. It is easily and quickly prepared, simply by putting into a vessel of boiling water a bottle containing one part of glue to four, by measure, of the acid, and letting the bottle remain in this bath until the glue is fully dissolved and mixed with the acid. It is best kept in a wide-mouthed bottle, well closed by a long cork, which can always be removed by heating the neck of the bottle.

Corn silk is said to be an efficient and powerful remedy for dropsy, bladder troubles and diseases of the kidneys. The Louisville *Medical News* gives an account of the medical properties of corn silk and the cures that have been effected by its use. The way to use it is to take two double handfuls of fresh corn silk and boil in two gallons of water until but a gallon remains. Add sugar to make a syrup. Drink a tumbler of this thrice daily, and it will relieve dropsy by increasing the flow of the urine most enormously. Other diseases of the bladder and kidneys are benefited by the remedy, which is prompt, efficient and grateful to the stomach. The treatment can be continued for months without danger or inconvenience.

Very few young mothers are able to control their nerves so completely as to keep from being startled when confronted with a cut finger with dripping blood and the loud cries which announce a catastrophe. Sometimes she cannot collect her thoughts sufficiently to recall any of the good remedies with which she is acquainted. One way to avoid this is to write out a list of help in trouble and tack it up on the door of your room, after the manner of hotel regulations. There is nothing better for a cut than powdered rosin. Get a few cents' worth of rosin, pound it until it is fine and put it into an empty, clean paper or spice-box with perforated top; then you can easily sift it out on the cut, put a soft cloth around the injured member and wet it with cold water once in a while. It will prevent inflammation and soreness. In doing up a burn the main point is to keep the air from it. If sweet oil and cotton are not at hand, take a cloth and spread dry flour over it, and wrap the burned part in it. It is always well to have some simple remedies in the house where you can get them without a moment's loss of time; a little bottle of peppermint, in case of colic, chlorate of potash for sore throat, pepsin for indigestion and a bottle of brandy. Have them arranged so that you could go to them in the dark and reach the right remedy, but be sure never to do it, even if you know they have not been disturbed; always light a lamp or the gas, and make sure you have what you are after. Remember that pistols are always loaded and that poison may be put in place of peppermint.

Honorable Employment

There is nothing derogatory in any employment, which ministers to the well-being of the race. The ploughman that turns the clod may be a Cincinnatus or a Washington, or he may be brother to the clod in turns. It is every way creditable to handle the yard, and to measure tape; the only discredit consists in having a soul whose range of thought is as short as the stick, and as narrow as the tape. There is no glory in the act of affixing a signature by which treasures of commerce are transferred, or treaties between nations ratified; the glory consists in the rectitude of the purpose that approves the one, and the grandeur of the philanthropy that sanctified the other. The time is soon coming, when, by the common consent of mankind, it will be esteemed more honorable to have been John Pounds, putting new and beautiful soule into the ragged children of the neighborhood while he mended their father's shoes, than to have been set on a throne.

An Iowa tailor whose front name is William has got himself nicknamed "Iowa Bill," so that customers who owe for the clothes they have on cannot address him without being reminded of that fact. It saves a heap of dunning.—*Philadelphia News.*

THE NEWS.

George I. Seney, of New York, has donated $20,000 to the Wesleyan Female College at Macon, Ga., making $70,000 given by him to the college within two months.

There was a slight earthquake shock at Ottawa, Canada, and many persons believed Mother Shipton's prophecy was about to be fulfilled. At Quebec a number of people sat up all night waiting for the final catastrophe.

At the close of business at the United States Treasury June 21, there had been $48,400,000 of five per cent. coupon bonds received for continuance at three and a-half per cent., exclusive of those presented for continuance at the London agency.

Dr. Albert G. Mackey, one of the most prominent Masons in the world, died at Fortress Monroe, aged seventy-four years.

Ryerson, Moses & Co., merchants and ship owners in Yarmouth, N. S., have made an assignment. Liabilities $180,000.

Baltimore was visited by a violent storm, which did considerable damage in all parts of the city. The rain fell at the rate of seven inches an hour, and the wind blew almost a gale.

The Chief of the Bureau of Statistics reports that the total values of the exports of domestic provisions, tallow and dairy products from the United States during the month of May, 1881, at $9,092,652; 1880, $11,822,911; five months ended May 31, 1881, $61,565,255; 1880, $56,109,673.

In New York Judge Truax, of the Supreme Court, rendered his decision in the case of Rufus Hatch, against the Western Union and other telegraph companies, dismissing the complaint and dissolving the injunction restraining the Western Union Company from issuing scrip for the increase of $15,000,000 of capital stock.

A scientific agricultural and industrial exposition will be held at the City of Orizaba, Mexico, in November next, under the auspices of the government of the State of Vera Cruz. Arrangements have been made for all necessary space in the exhibition building for exhibits from the United States.

The Merchants and Manufacturers' Association of Baltimore has arranged to have excursion tickets issued from Southern cities to Baltimore on the same plan as those now issued to New York.

By lopping off useless mail service in the Southwest, recently, the Postmaster General saved the government $52,000.

The United States will send a war vessel to France to bring the descendants of Lafayette, who intend to participate in the celebration at Yorktown, to this country.

A fire, originating in the store of J. R. Stuart, at Eastland, Texas, swept the entire block east of the court-house, including Jordan's hardware store, J. T. Townsend & Sons' grocery, and Mrs. Lucas' millinery store and Townsend's residence, from which the family barely escaped.

The Kentucky Central Railroad will change its guage from five feet to four feet eight inches, July 10th. Part of the rolling stock has been changed for the new guage.

Joseph Byrne & Co., New York, importers of tin plates and pig iron, made an assignment, with liabilities of about $100,000 and assets to half that amount.

Albert Slowm, a straw hat manufacturer of Milwaukee, has made a voluntary assignment. His liabilities are probably $250,000; assets $191,000. Zemmerman & Co., of New York, are creditors to the amount of over $60,000.

Arnold & Co., liquor dealers, of New York, failed, with liabilities amounting to $145,384; assets $35,353.

Captain Wm. White, pilot of the Brooklyn annex ferry boat, No 3, on arriving in New York, dropped dead at the wheel just as the boat was secured to the dock.

A fire in the press room of the Louisville *Courier-Journal* destroyed $10,000 worth of stock. Fully insured.

Colonel Cash, whose second trial for the killing of Colonel Shannon in a duel, took place at Darlington, S. C., and was acquitted.

There was received at the recorder's office, Lancaster, Pa., a mortgage in the sum of $2,500,000 from the Reading and Chesapeake Railroad, recently incorporated.

The Sabine and Western Railway Company filed their charter at Austin, Texas. The road will extend from Sabine Pass to Houston, eighty miles. Stock placed at $1,500,000.

FOREIGN NEWS.

Mr. Gladstone made a humorous speech in the House of Commons relative to the responsibility of the United States for the outrages in Ireland.—Prince Leopold took his seat in the House of Lords as Duke of Albany.—The Porte has suppressed the local postoffices in Constantinople. He calls upon the powers to abolish their postoffices in the interior, and hopes they will suppress the present service between Constantinople and foreign countries.

There was much indignation in Rome on receipt of the news of the Marseilles affair. The Prefect of Marseilles will declare martial law, if necessary. The matter was discussed in the Italian Chamber of Deputies.—The Parnellites have agreed not to hold any more meetings until they see what shape the Land bill will assume. Arrests under the Coercion act in Ireland continue.—Lorillard's Iroquois is still the favorite for the St. Leger stakes.—The British Admiralty are preparing plans for the building of a monster ironclad.

Arrests in Ireland under the Coercion act continue.—The Parnellites will oppose the government's amendments to the Land bill.—Two hundred policemen have been sent to Peterhof to aid in guarding the Czar's palace. Russian fortresses and prisons are crowded with political prisoners.—Baring Bros., and Hambro & Co., have taken the Italian loan in connection with a French syndicate.—Weston, the pedestrian, retired from the walking match.

HUMOROUS.

"This is a sad commentary on our boasted civilization," a tramp despondingly observed when he discovered that the ham he had taken from the front of a shop was a wooden one.—*American Queen.*

"Eloise" asks if we will publish the poem on "The Wavelet of the Rivulet." With a smilelet upon her facelet we reply yes. Write only on one sidelet of the sheetlet, Eloise, and put on enough stamplets. Your pomelet shall have spacelet.—*Modern Argo.*

"Paul," exclaimed the fair daughter of a bonanza king, addressing one of her suitors, "Paw has settled $500,000 on me, and I thought there'd be no harm in telling you." "Florinde," he said nervously fingering a few nickels in his waistcoat pocket and striving to hide the evidences of the profound interest which the communication excited, "Florinde, do you think I'm so sordid as to let such a consideration affect me?" "No," she added, nonchalantly, "I didn't suppose you'd care much, so I engaged myself to Mr. Slacker last night." It was a ten strike and he flopped, but she was a cool girl, and summoning a servant told him to set the sufferer out on the back stoop until he felt better.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

(Des Moines Iowa State Register.)

We notice the following in an exchange: Mr. G. B. Haverer, Foreman N. Y. & N. H. S. B. Co., suffered for eight days with terrible pain in the back, almost to distraction, until he heard of and used St. Jacobs Oil, one bottle of which cured him completely.

The young man whose pocketbook is crammed should immediately quarantine against picnic invitations.

(Springfield, (Mass.) Republican.)

Edgar T. Page, Esq., Druggist, writes us from Chicopee Falls, that Mr. Albert Guenther, under Wild's Hotel, has used that remarkable remedy, St. Jacobs Oil, for a severe case of rheumatism and it cured him, as if by magic. He also used it with great success among his horses, in cases of sprains, sores etc., and it cures every time.

The Church of England possesses pecuniary means that would be fairly represented by $1,000,000,000.

The Greatest Blessing.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

A strange astronomical phenomenon is seen in the fact that when the irate father takes down his trunk strap there are liable to be spots on the son.—*Lowell Citizen.*

A Testament Reviser's Opinion.

The eminent author, Prof. A. C. Kendrick, D. D. LL. D., who is professor of Hebrew, Latin and Greek in the University of Rochester, and was one of the revisers of the New Testament, in general conversation with a number of gentlemen, a short time since, said: "I have received from the use of Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure very marked benefit and I can most cordially recommend it to others."

The man who was the coolest person at the battle of Waterloo has just died. He hid in the icehouse of the chateau during the contest.—*Boston Post.*

RESCUED FROM DEATH.

William J. Coughlin, of Somerville, Mass., says: In the fall of 1876 I was taken with bleeding of the lungs, followed by a severe cough. I lost my appetite and flesh, and was confined to my bed. In 1877 I was admitted to the hospital. The doctors said I had a hole in my lungs as big as half a dollar. At one time a report went around that I was dead. I gave up hope but a friend told me of Dr. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM FOR THE LUNGS. I got a bottle, when, to my surprise I commenced to feel better, and to-day I feel better than for three years past. I write this hoping every one afflicted with diseased lungs will take DR. WILLIAM HALL'S BALSAM, and be convinced that CONSUMPTION CAN BE CURED. I can positively say it has done more good than all the other medicines I have taken since my sickness.

WARRANTED FOR 34 YEARS

AND NEVER FAILED

To CURE Croup, Spasms, Diarrhœa, Dysentery and Sea Sickness, taken internally, and GUARANTEED perfectly harmless; also externally, Cuts, Bruises, Chronic Rheumatism, Old Sores, Pains in the limbs, back and chest. Such a remedy is DR. TOBIAS' VENETIAN LINIMENT.
No one once trying it will ever be without it, over 600 physicians use it.

Some people are so nervous that they cannot even rest assured.

Vegetine
—FOR—
Cancers and Cancerous Humors.

The Doctor's Certificate.

READ IT.

ASHLEY, Washington Co., Ill., Jan. 14, 1878.
MR. H. R. STEVENS:
Dear Sir—This is to certify that I had been suffering from a Rose Cancer on my right breast, which grew very rapidly, and all my friends had given me up to die, when I heard of your medicine, VEGETINE, recommended for Cancer and Cancerous Humors. I commenced to take it, and soon found myself beginning to feel better; my health and spirits both felt the benign influence which it exerted, and a few months from the time I commenced the use of the VEGETINE the Cancer came out almost bodily.
CARRIE DEFORREST.

I certify that I am personally acquainted with Mrs. DeForrest, and I consider her one of our very best women. DR. S. H. FOWLERS.

WHY WILL YE SUFFER!

THE PRICELESS
VEGETINE.

Cancer Cured.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Jan. 6, 1891.
DR. H. R. STEVENS:
The great sympathy I have for others who are sufferers from Cancer and Cancerous Humors impresses me that it is my sacred duty to write you, although a stranger to me. For two long years I suffered and endured the most painful torments from a Cancer of the Breast. My case defied the efforts of the best physicians. I tried many remedies, when a gentleman in the office with my husband advised him to try your priceless VEGETINE; he brought home a bottle. Before taking half of the first bottle I slept well nights. I continued taking the VEGETINE, gaining every day; have taken eighteen bottles, and am now perfectly cured; not a vestige of m disease left. I wish every one could know what a good medicine it is for such diseases. Your name will never be forgotten. May God ever bless, guide and protect you, is the earnest daily prayer of
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"I assure you it is true that he is entirely cured, and with nothing but Hop Bitters, and only ten days ago his doctors gave him up and said he must die!"
"Well-a-day! If that is so, I will go this minute and get some for my poor George. I know hops are good."

Minnie Palmer, the actress, is under $5,000 bonds to her manager not to marry for five years.

Flies and Mosquitoes.

15c. box "Rough on Rats" keeps a house free from flies, bed-bugs, roaches, rats, mice, &c.

William Herndon, Abraham Lincoln's former law partner, is now a pauper at Springfield, Ill.

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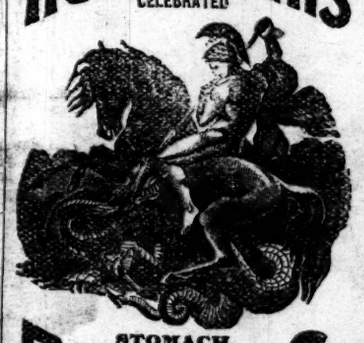
A blacksmith is always on the strike—when he is not blowing.

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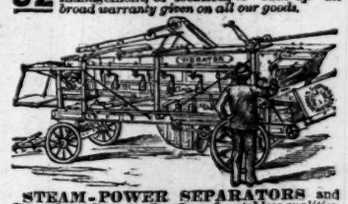
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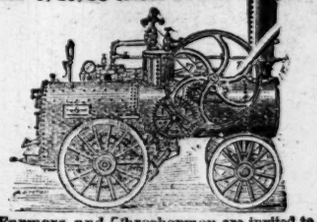
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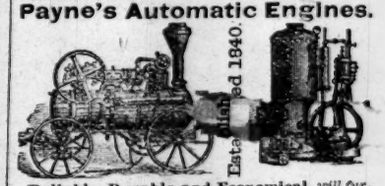
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